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THE TECH.

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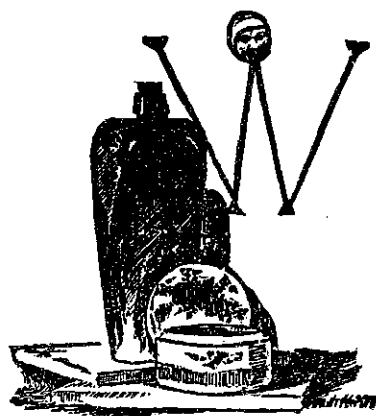
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WITH this number Volume VII. of THE TECH is finished, and the editor's work for this year is over. But before we leave THE TECH and the Institute, we wish to say a few words to the students in regard to THE

TECH itself. Four, and probably five, of its editors leave the Institute this year, leaving only four editors to carry on the work next year. To any at all familiar with the work of the Editorial Board, it is very plain that this number is altogether inadequate to the needs of the case, and that the work will be altogether too great a strain on them, unless they receive much more outside assistance from the students than has been our lot to receive. While we have every confidence in the ability of those who will be in charge next year, we cannot but recognize this fact; and we plainly state to the students that unless this assistance is given

them, THE TECH will be unable to continue its existence for more than a few numbers next year. Such a state of affairs certainly reflects no great credit on the students, more especially when we consider that financially THE TECH is unembarrassed, and that no call is made upon the students to support it. Some may think that this is only the regular complaint of the editors, and is written merely for something to say. A reference to the list of editors will prove the falsity of any such statement. Next year there will be only four editors, all from '89, while from the large classes of '90 and '91 not a single man has shown enough ability to be elected to the Board, while only three have shown enough interest to try for the position. Their work has hardly been sufficient in quantity to judge of their ability; and so we can truthfully say that there are no candidates for the position of editor from either of these classes. If something is not done soon to make up for this lack of interest, Tech. men will soon find that they will be represented by no publication at all.

ONCE more it has become our duty to review the events a year just past, and we feel proud when we look over the record that we have made. In athletics our glorious football team takes precedence, as it did last fall over all opponents. A clean score of four victories and no defeats in championship games is a record to be proud of, and the students showed that they were proud of the team by the way they turned out to see the games, and by getting up a grand celebration over their victory when the season was finished.

Our Athletic Club has kept up its reputation for enterprise, and its open meeting was more of a success than usual, owing to the energy of the Club in securing a good hall for the games.

Several Tech. records have been broken, and our Freshmen have sustained the Institute in its tug-of-war reputation by defeating the Harvard Freshman team.

The Senior Ball, in spite of much opposition from under-classmen and THE TECH, finally did come off, and its managers deserve great praise for their efforts in trying to make the affair a success under so many difficulties.

In a literary way we have progressed since last year. THE TECH has done its best, and the *Quarterly* and "Technique" have both done remarkably well. The year is marked by the appearance of a new periodical, *The Architectural Review*. This paper is one of which every student of the Institute may well feel proud, both on account of its artistic merits and because it is a decided innovation in college journalism, in which we may well congratulate ourselves in having taken the first step.

Our Glee Club has acquitted itself as finely as usual, and has given several successful concerts. The Orchestra, sad to relate, has not been a success, and has finally expired. Whilst we have no banjo club at the Institute, several of our banjo players have distinguished themselves in this line in several concerts in or near Boston.

'90 has sustained her athletic reputation of last year, and defeated the Freshmen both on the foot-ball field and the tug-of-war cleats.

Altogether affairs at the Institute are flourishing, and THE TECH congratulates the students that it is so.

IT is no longer a source of wonder to us whence comes that annoyingly "fresh" element that forms a part of every Freshman Class entering the Institute. When High School students just about to enter college, perhaps, conduct themselves like primary-school children, and abuse the kindness and generosity of their friends who have already rubbed off somewhat of their greenness by a year at the Tech., it is time a word was said to give these embryo Freshmen a pointer.

We refer to the cheering, and otherwise rowdy conduct of some of the High School students from in and about Boston, at the drill in Mechanics Fair building.

It is bad taste, to say the least, to take advantage of the opportunity offered for showing their dislike or approval, to interrupt the proceedings by cheering, yelling, and, in short, attempting to run the whole affair.

We do not wish to make these statements sweeping, but let those whom the coat fits put it on. Let the Freshmen run their own drills, and more real enjoyment would be derived from them with the omission of these annoying side-shows, offered free gratis by the Sophomore Class and outsiders, who abuse their privileges.

WE think that a great improvement might easily be made over the present method of getting our mail from the cage. There are but few men who go there much for mail matter, who do not feel this, and more especially those unfortunates whose names are so fixed alphabetically that they cannot see whether there is any mail for them or not, but have to inquire to find out. It would be so easy to have a system of letter boxes made, somewhat on the principle in use at a post-office, that we think it ought to be done. The first expense could easily be defrayed by charging each man so much for a box, and after the cost was thus paid, the price for a box could be made merely nominal, so that only those who really wanted a box would have one. We should say that four hundred of these boxes would be amply sufficient, and that number could be put in around the sides of the cage, or if not so many, at least enough for those men who get most of their mail at the Institute. The present method of letting each man pick out circulars, or notices from the Faculty, sent out at the same time to all his classmates, is certainly not the best way to manage affairs of this sort, and an arrangement of boxes would do away with this trouble altogether.

Another thing about the cage we think would be a good addition. This is the placing of a

railing in front of the window, as is done at the box-office of a theater, so that when there are many men trying to get there at the same time, they will have to line up and let each one take his turn. This would do away with the howling, pushing mob that we have seen at times fighting around the cage, each trying to get ahead of the other, and thus unnecessarily delaying everybody.

THE TECH is sorry to say that there are a number of men who have not yet paid up their subscriptions, and whom past experience teaches us will endeavor to avoid payment if possible. It is very disagreeable for us to have to mention this fact, but we do so merely that our position may be understood by the students, if we are forced next year to adopt a different system of collecting subscriptions, and to require each man to pay up before receiving his TECH ticket book.

IT has often occurred to us that if our examinations are intended to examine us in a subject, why are they not prepared more carefully for that purpose. It often happens that when a man goes in to an exam. he finds questions on a paper which are so ambiguous, or so badly stated, that it is next to impossible to understand what it is the Professor wishes answered, and it is not always possible to get the information from him. It seems to us this is piling it on a little too heavy. If it is desired to have the whole subject written up, would it not be better to so state the question and thus leave no doubt. There is the more feeling among the students about this from the fact that it is generally understood that if a man answers more than is necessary and answers correctly he gets no credit for his extra work, whilst if he has answered a part wrong which it was not intended he should answer at all, his mark suffers in consequence.

Dueling in Germany.

IT may be of some interest to the reader to know how the old barbarous custom of dueling is still practiced among the German students of to-day. While in Berlin last winter, one morning on Untir den Linden I passed a student who appeared to be in a deplorable condition. His head was terribly cut, and the portion of his face which was not concealed by layers of cotton batting, wore an expression which excited one's sympathies. On the following morning, to my great surprise, I met several other students who appeared to be in the same scarred condition.

This excited my curiosity, and upon inquiry I found that these were the students who had taken part in some friendly duels a few days before. Perhaps the duels had been friendly, but the students looked to me as though they had received far from friendly treatment. These dueling students are mostly members of the different corps, and can easily be distinguished by the color of the cap they wear. Now, the only way to witness a duel between members of a corps is to form the acquaintance of one of them, and this I was bent upon doing. Within a few days I was fortunate enough to meet an American student who was about to take part in a duel; and learning that I was anxious to witness one of these performances, he kindly invited me to meet him on a certain morning and accompany him to the dueling grounds. I was on hand, I assure you. As we rode toward the grounds he spoke laughingly of the duel he expected to take part in, and also informed me that there were to be only four duels that day, but he hoped I would enjoy them. On reaching the dueling grounds I found myself in a large interior room, connecting with the street only by many doors and passages. I was immediately introduced to the different members of the corps to which my friend belonged, who were sitting around a table busily talking and drinking beer until the fun should commence. Looking around the room I saw several students preparing for the coming

duels. Some were hanging curtains before the windows; some were opening chests of bandages, etc.; while others were examining the swords which were about to be used. The room now filled rapidly, as the different members of the corps arrived. American colleges were also well represented that day. Massachusetts Institute Technology, Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, had representatives sitting around our table. In the meantime the chosen members of the Pommorian and Gustphalian corps had been prepared for the bloody contest; the former being distinguished by a blue cap with white and gold stripes, and the latter by a green cap with white and black stripes. Iron masques had been securely placed over their eyes; around their necks was a sufficient amount of padding to protect the jugular vein; while over the breast was strapped a large leather protector. They were comical sights to behold.

The doctors having now arrived the men took their places. At their side stood their seconds, and near by the umpire. According to custom the contestants now shook hands and drank to the health of each other, while the doctors drank to the health of the corps. The preparatory words were then given.

- (1) "Are you ready for the duel?"
- (2) "Hold up the swords!"
- (3) *Response*: "Held up they are."
- (4) "Go!"

Then the clash of swords began. The crowd stood around watching the progress with intense interest. Suddenly one of the men received a slash. The doctor was summoned, and pronouncing the wound not fatal, with renewed vigor on the combat raged.

At the expiration of fifteen minutes the staggering men were assisted to the doctors' chairs, where the wounds were sewed up, and the number of stitches taken carefully and registered in a book. The next duel was between a German student and my American friend, who, having spent several years in Germany, was now for the first time going to indulge in this rare sport (?). The preparations, hand-shaking, etc., were as before described. The signal be-

ing given, the combat commenced. Our American friend was the first to receive a wound; and as the warm blood poured down over his face it seemed to enrage him; his face flushed, and his strokes now came with the power of a Hercules. They took effect; and ere the fifteen minutes had expired he proved himself such a skillful combatant that we were proud to shake hands (as we could not cheer) and congratulate him over his success, even if it was in a friendly duel. The student on entering a corps is called a "Fuchs" until he has fought three duels, after which he is considered brave, and receives the appellation of "Busche."

Reverie.

The smoke curls up from my dying cigar,
As I sit and dream in the twilight here;
And a face is ever before my eyes
With its tender glance, and its smile so dear.

Her eyes of gray look into mine
Loving and trustful; they seem to call
Me back from the rush of the worn old world
To her for whom I would give up all.

Abrupt I wake from my reverie sweet.
My cigar is out; the vision has flown;
Ah me! will she vanish e'en as the smoke,
And leave me forever to mourn alone?

G. C. W.

The Adventure of a Sailor.

DURING the year 1814, and for five years previously, there was a little daring English sloop-of-war that was engaged in cruising off the northwestern coast of France. From Calais to Etables was her range, and her orders were to harass and alarm; to keep a strict watch upon the ports of Calais and Boulogne, and to learn the amount of the garrisons, whether increased or diminished; in short, to gather all that was going on upon the coast or in the regions around. Sometimes she was engaged in transporting secret emissaries back and forward, and sometimes a peep into Brest, St. Malo, or Dieppe was commanded to be taken by her, by way of recreation. Her commander, Lieutenant Neville, was especially chosen for this task

on account of his hardy and trustworthy character.

His most usual duty was to drop in shore with the night tide, amuse himself at times by landing and beating up the Frenchman's quarters; for their coast, like the wall of a beleaguered town, was lined with sentinels ensconced in guard-houses and sentry-boxes. A fog, however, was the special delight of the *Ariel*. Then would she venture, under cover of the dense atmosphere, even within the very harbor of the enemy, intercepting luggers, schooners, fishing-smacks, and boarding them, often more with a view of demonstrating the Briton's rule over the sea, than for any purpose of capture. In most cases the crews, of the captured fishermen especially, were ordered aboard the *Ariel* and brought down to its little cabin, plied with grog sufficiently, and then pumped, with all a sailor's adroitness, of what little information they could give. This procured, they were set afloat on board their own smack again, and allowed to return to harbor. In the course of a few years, such was the frequency of fogs and the activity of the *Ariel*, that there was not a fisherman on the coast who did not know Lieutenant Neville, who did not partake of his grog, and who did not retail or invent to him stories which no doubt still exist among the treasured learning of the Admiralty. They were grateful to him; he was as dreaded and admired as a corsair; and when a French fishing-boat sailed, it would as soon set out without its rudder or its nets as without a new bulletin, or some tid-bit in the way of news for the captain of the *Ariel*.

The year 1814 brought orders of a more perilous nature than usual to the British officers. A packet of printed proclamations addressed to the French people was put into his hands, with the desire that they might be distributed along the coast. They inveighed against Napoleon, gave a summary account of the Emperor's disasters, and invited the population to throw off the yoke of the usurper, and return to the allegiance of their ancient sovereigns. To have awaited thick weather, and to have distributed them among the fishing-boats, would have been

the safest way of executing the task; but sailors are not given to such constructions of their orders, and as the military were among those chiefly addressed, the object, evidently, was to transmit them to the several depots and guard-houses on the coast. This was, indeed, for whoever undertook the enterprise, going into the lion's mouth. Lieutenant Neville would not intrust it to any under his command, but resolved himself to execute the task, which he deemed of the greatest importance.

He caused himself, accordingly, to be put ashore, on a certain night, northward considerably of Etables, where the shore rises from beach and sand-hills into cliffs. His boat he ordered to await him on the morning of the following night, off a little cape several leagues distant, northward from the spot of his disembarkment. He soon began, under cover of the darkness, to execute his mission. The heights were thick with batteries, but the long survey of them, which he had taken from sea, served as a guide to his steps. Those he at first approached were not thickly manned; neither the troops of the line nor the artillery occupied them, but merely the national guard of the neighboring town. Here his task was not difficult. Every empty sentry-box, or rather sentry-house, he garnished with a proclamation. To the doors of the very guard-houses, to the barriers of the batteries, he affixed them, and even on the carriages of the French cannon were found in the morning these sensible traces of an enemy's visit. The alarm was given; scouts and parties went out in every direction, though some of the national guard declared that none save the enemy of mankind himself could have ventured over ditch, parapet, *chevaux de frise*, and sentinel to achieve the sticking up a few pieces of paper.

The greatest difficulty of the gallant lieutenant was to pass Boulogne, and to gain the coast to the northward of that town. The commandant, an inveterate Bonapartist, made use of every exertion to catch the spy, whom he vowed in his soul to hang in revenge for the shattered fortunes of Napoleon. The laws of warfare gave him but too good a right to inflict this

punishment, provided he could but entrap the interloper. Unfortunately the Ariel was descried in the offing making up the channel, and that she had something to do with the mischief was easily conceived. The hidden emissary would, no doubt, bend his course in the same direction with her. The line of the Liane was, therefore, carefully guarded. On the fall of the second evening Lieutenant Neville, however, swam the wide basin that the Emperor had of old formed, and then gained the northern heights by the shortest and less frequented of paths. In the coarse peasant frock that he had over his uniform, he did not even fear to mount the streets of the town itself, nor to affix a copy of the proclamation to the door of the very Prefecture. It was seen in a very little time after by the aid of some public functionaries' lanterns, and the passage of the audacious enemy was known. The streets were likewise strewn with the treasonable documents. Instead of concealing the course of his track, the seaman marked it, and his pursuers followed him by his scattered papers as hounds trace their game by the scent. Even the immortal column erected to commemorate French intentions against England, was profaned by bearing the obnoxious placard on each side of its base. Here, too, as in the region on the preceding night, the little guard-houses, ensconced in their several hollows or protected by mounds from British shot, received what Lieutenant Neville called his visiting-cards. And all along that closely-guarded line, where no longer the national guard but the regular troops were stationed, the proclamation was disseminated till not one of the whole knapsack-full remained. His task thus successfully completed, it remained for the bold sailor to regain his vessel. This, which he had reckoned upon as the easiest point of accomplishment, proved to be the most difficult and serious. A large body of conscripts, about to march to the northern frontier, were stopped by the vigilant commander and posted for the night on the bank of the river Wimereux. Its whole line and its solitary bridge were thus guarded, and so, upon approaching it, it was found to be the high-road.

Thus all progress to the northward was prevented, and escape into the interior equally cut off and precluded. More than once did the commander of the Ariel endeavor to swim the little basin of the Wimereux; but at first it was too well guarded, and when the tide ebbed the profound mud formed an unsurmountable barrier, on which the enemy, no doubt, relied, as they abandoned their watch. To pass the high-road was as impracticable, although he once overmastered a sentinel and rushed upon the road; he was encountered by another, and forced to escape into the sand-hills back of the coast, luckily without receiving any wound. Now aware that the spy was surrounded, they only awaited the daylight to venture after and take him.

The daylight at length began to glimmer; vainly did the boat's crew of the Ariel endeavor to descry the figure of their commander on the appointed shore. Fatally separated from them, he was still hiding in the sand-hills. There was quite a cluster of these small hillocks, of which the materials, washed away from the high places of the coast, were here borne in on the flat country by the tide.

Here, then, did the morning break upon the lieutenant, who, exhausted with his journey, his watching, and his unsuccessful efforts, had sunk for a short time to seek refreshment in repose. After a survey around, in which he heard the nearing shouts of his enemies on all sides, he thought it best to widen and prepare the aperture of a rabbit-burrow for his reception. Into this he sunk himself, covering his lurking-place with a thicket of bushes. His enemies soon penetrated in search of him, trod near and around him, poked with their bayonets into rabbit-holes and thickets, but none made the sought discovery. Here he remained until two hours after noon; his stock of biscuit was exhausted. He hoped, however, to find his enemies not so vigilant that evening as they had been the preceding one. They had been gone for some time; all sound and clamor had died away, and the sailor thought he might step forth to reconnoitre. His enemies were too

cunning for him; aware that he must be hidden they lay in wait, silent and pretending to have departed, expecting, as took place, that he would venture forth. He had taken but a few steps when the raised cry of one of those on the watch warned the Englishman that he was discovered, and called his enemies to the capture. Fight was madness; Lieutenant Neville struck out and ran. His impulse was to gain the sea and trust himself to it, even swimming. The ambushade was between him and it. He ran, nevertheless, southward, hoping that some ravine or turn of the coast would allow him to gain the beach. The French did not fire. The orders of the exasperated commandant were, no doubt, to take him alive. There was no possibility of his escape. The young conscripts enjoyed the novelty of chasing an enemy and followed with shouts of laughter and triumph. The commandant himself was at their head, and had the ground permitted him to make use of a horse, he might soon have overtaken the fugitive.

The latter, in the meantime, gained upon his pursuers, who still, however, kept between him and the coast, and his flight seemed directed toward an old venerable chateau, for it was castle-like in appearance, which seemed built to catch every breath of wind from the sea. Some withered trees stood around it, as if to afford a shelter that they seemed to need, for they stretched landward in an imploring attitude, and, indeed, put forth foliage only in that direction. Thither the fugitive directed his course, why or with what hope is not easily conceived. Even if he could enter, he could not hope to defend it.

The possessor of the chateau was the commandant himself, whose family at the very time occupied it.

With no wiser instinct, however, than that of the overhunted fox, the unfortunate sailor rushed toward the bleak chateau, entered its court, its door, and rushed up a short stair into its saloon. A lady was seated there, as also a boy, her son, apparently, at her feet. Ere she could recover from her surprise the intruder

made known who he was, his imminent danger, and craved refuge and concealment. It was not to be expected, and perhaps asked without expectation. The lady, not without commiseration, bade him fly elsewhere; that it was the residence of the commandant, that she was his wife, and that there was no possibility, no chance. The door below was dashed open, the pursuers rushed up.

As the commandant himself entered, a legion at his back, the fugitive, taking an ungenerous advantage of the lady's compassion, seized her son, bore him, in her despite, to the farthest corner of the apartment, and putting a pistol to the child's temple, called upon his pursuer to desist.

The terrified commandant, though prepared to close with his enemy, shrunk back from his posture of determination; whilst the mother of the child, unable to move a limb or utter a cry, held forth her hands in agony and powerlessness.

"A life for a life, if you persist, or move a step," cried the seaman. "I now know the fate reserved for me, if taken. Let me spring from this window and gain the beach unpursued, or—"

"It is my only son," cried the commandant, hesitating.

"So much the better," observed the seaman, coolly.

"I cannot trifle with my duty," said the commandant, hesitating still.

The mother shrieked, and the cry went to the soul of the seaman, who menaced a barbarity that he would have died a thousand deaths ere he could have committed.

"You are a cowardly ruffian to have believed me capable of it," said the seaman, who wronged his adversary by the reproach, inasmuch as his determined look fully bespoke the act he threatened. As he spoke he flung himself against the window, went through it, but fell; and ere he could rise more than twenty fellows were around or upon him, and the gallant lieutenant was a captive.

He was conveyed into the town with shouts of triumph, his captors amusing themselves by

adorning him with the numbers of his own proclamation that he had scattered; and treated with every ignominy and harshness, he was committed for that evening to the military prison.

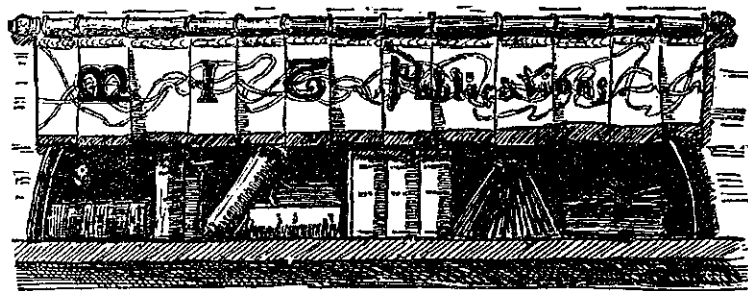
The taking of a spy, and more especially the threatened execution of one, made of course a mighty noise throughout the city. Aware of the progress of the allies, the inveterate commandant pressed the trial and every intermediate step that was to precede his final vengeance. The citizens, nevertheless, Bonapartists as they were, had no such sanguinary wishes, but rather commiserated the brave man. The fishermen felt still more sympathy, and resolved among each other to return Lieutenant Neville's past kindness and forbearance to them by rescuing him at any hazard.

They kept their designs secret with ease, as they formed quite a distinct class from the rest of the population. In order to mask their intentions, they took occasion to display the utmost fury against the spy; and their vociferations for sunken boats and lost cargoes, of which they accused the commander of the *Ariel*, resounded in the ears of the commandant, as also in those of the pretended victim, who was at a loss to account for this gratuitous inveteracy.

From the military prison to the Palais de Justice, or scene of trial, was a considerable distance, and the captive more than once meditated the possibility of escape as he was brought back and forward. He was not manacled, but the guard was always too strong for the hope of success. As he returned from condemnation, the prisoner and escort were surrounded by an immense throng of fishermen and their wives, and these last were neither the least active nor least vociferous. They cried, "Death to the spy!" "Down with the English corsair!" "Cursed Englishman! where are our men and our vessels?" and a smart volley of stones, seemingly intended for the prisoner but really overwhelming the escort, made the soldiers think it was most prudent for them to give up the victim of popular fury; and as he was to be hanged on the morrow, the fate that at present

was imminent over him was less ignominious than that which justice threatened.

The fishermen and women, therefore, carried off their prey without any opposition, or rather drove it before them, pelting and shouting, and in many cases severely wounding one another, that the earnestness of their rage might not be called in question. The soldiers followed, however, somewhat mistrustful, through the narrow lanes and passages by which the victim and his apparent assassins, but real rescuers, hurried toward the harbor. The guard expected to find the mangled body of their late prisoner at every step; on the contrary, victim and avengers disappeared. They were no sooner out of sight of the military, than the brawny fishermen, seizing the lieutenant, bore him at full speed, each holding a limb, through their suburb, again putting him upon his feet, and chasing him before them as they emerged upon the quay. There, chasing and abusing, they directed him toward a little lugger that lay moored at the extremity of the wooden pier. "There's your home," cried they, pointing to the waves. Lieutenant Neville shook the hand of the speaker, and stepped on board. The sails were hoisted already, and the lugger swept out of the harbor before a single shot could be brought to bear on her.



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Noticeable Articles.

Scribner's for May contains a paper on Pope by Austin Dobson, illustrated in an exceedingly interesting way with various portraits of the poet, pictures of Twickenham, and portraits of Patty and Teresa Blount. It would be hard to say anything new of Pope, but it would be hard also to find so good a brief account of him as is contained in these fifteen pages; and the dialogue in verse which Mr. Dobson appends seems a clever imitation of Pope's manner, though the *Nation* does sneer at it.

Another of our agreeable prose writers, Mr. Stevenson, has a discussion in the same number on the question, What Constitutes a Gentleman? "The current ideas," he says, "vary with every class. . . . In one class, and not long ago, he was regarded as a gentleman who kept a gig. He is a gentleman in one house who does not eat peas with his knife; in another, who is not to be discountenanced by any created form of butler. One of the prettiest gentlemen I ever knew was a servant. To take but the last hundred years, Scott, Gordon, Wellington in his cold way, Grant in his plain way, Shelley, for all his follies,—these were clearly gentlemen; Napoleon, Byron, Lockhart,—these were as surely cads, and the two first cads of a rare water." This seems a little hard on Lockhart, but there can't be any doubt about the other two; and Mr. Stevenson maintains his point by telling stories. "More and more," he says, "as our knowledge widens, we have to reply to those who ask for a definition, 'I can't give you that, but I will tell you a story.'" Certainly, all the stories about Byron go to prove that, though a lord, he was no true gentleman; and as for Bonaparte, the more one reads about him the more he appears like a gigantic toadstool, sprung out of the festering decay and rottenness of eighteenth-century Europe. Frederick Harrison says truly, "Lanfrey has finally demolished the Napoleonic legend, and torn the mask from the most astounding impostor, and unquestionably the biggest liar, in modern history; and by his clear and cutting evidence has reduced to its real proportions that orgy of blood and arrogance, the European tyranny of Bonaparte." And Mr. Emer-

son long ago, in that admirable character he drew of him in "Representative Men," after doing full justice to his astonishing abilities, wound up with saying, "In short, when you have penetrated through all the circles of power and splendor, you are not dealing with a gentleman at last, but with an impostor and a rogue."

We hear so much nowadays about the astonishing progress of the physical sciences, that a hasty reader is apt to conclude that they are the only sciences that are making any progress, even if he does not go further and maintain, as do many shallow and foolish persons to-day, that physical science is the only true science. Such persons might profitably glance through the pages of the April number of the *English Historical Review*. They will be persuaded that whether history be a science or not, there is very considerable activity among historical students. We never heard of Paul Ewald, of whom Professor Seeley writes, but he seems to have been one of those profoundly learned German specialists who devoted a lifetime to a single subject, his subject being Pope Gregory I. Now, Pope Gregory I. was virtually the founder of the Papacy; and are not the actions and reactions of the Papacy as well worth studying as the reactions of, say, magnesium ammonium phosphate? and is not the morbid anatomy of European civilization quite as important a subject as, say, the effects of chicken cholera on Australian rabbits? I can even imagine something valuable in the "Chronology of Theophylaktos Simokatta," though I never heard of the gentleman before. Did any reader ever chance to see ranged on the shelves of one of our great libraries the gigantic row of big books in which the British Government is publishing the calendar of its vast collection of state papers, already a hundred or more of volumes almost as big as family Bibles, containing merely titles and abstracts of public documents, not history so much as the raw material of history? Here is a notice of the tenth volume for the reign of Henry VIII. alone, and it covers only one half of a single year. But to the reader somewhat familiar with the regular histories of any one of these reigns, the volumes relating to it are capital to browse about in.

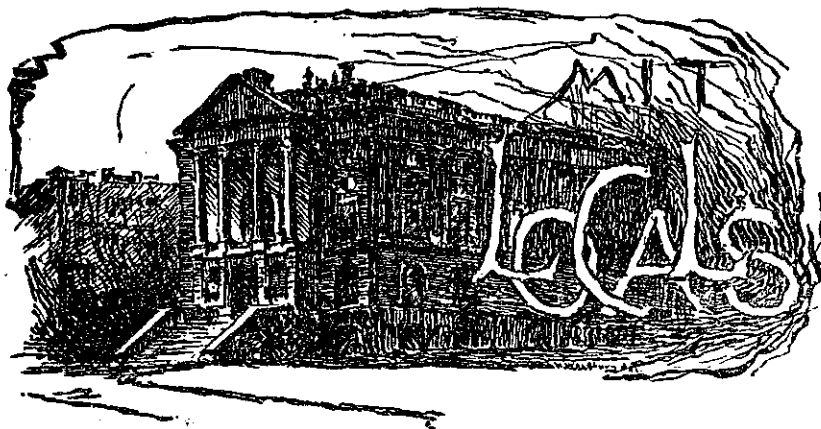
Here is a review of Mr. Croston's County Families of Lancashire. Well, why are not county families as good subjects of study as families of butterflies or beetles? The Rev. H. F. Tozer reviews

Mr. Jackson's costly illustrated three volumes about Dalmatia, a work which has a special value for architectural students, for that picturesque and most interesting region is full of little-known architectural remains of the highest interest. Mr. Tozer is the learned editor of the new edition of Finlay's great work on Mediæval and Modern Greece, a unique book in English historical literature. Mr. Lodge, who reviews another book, is the author of a new "History of Modern Europe from the Capture of Constantinople to the Treaty of Berlin," which has just been added to the "Student's Series." But let no unwary beginner think that he can really learn History by the study of such compendiums; he might as well try to swallow an ox in the shape of a pot of Liebig's Extract of Beef. Mr. Fyffe, who reviews another book, is the clever author of another "History of Modern Europe from 1792," the two volumes of which already published (and reprinted by the *Harpers*) we can recommend as something more than a compendium. Mr. H. Morse Stephens, another reviewer, is the author of a new History of the French Revolution, to be completed in three volumes, and which Mr. Stephens says he has been moved to add to the already innumerable histories of that period, because the immense accumulation of new material has already rendered even Carlyle antiquated. Nothing, however, can altogether supersede Carlyle's wonderful prose poem. Whoever thinks that History is not a progressive study had better read Mr. Stephens' preface.

One of the longer articles in this number is by that accomplished young lady, Miss A. Mary F. Robinson, who thus shows herself to be a good historical student, as she has already shown herself to be a true poet.

It is interesting to note in connection with English politics, that the *Spectator* for April 28th reports that Lord Salisbury, in his speech on the second reading of Lord Dunraven's Bill for the Reform of the House of Lords, announced that Government intended to bring in a bill for the creation of life-peerages, and that "in regard to the black-sheep question, an act will be introduced conferring on the House of Lords the power of expelling a member now possessed by the House of Commons; while the question of the number required to form a quorum will also be considered.

W. P. A.



The last TECH of the season.

The '88 Electricals dined at Young's the 21st.

O. S. Hussey, '87, visited the Institute last week.

Samuel C. Stickney, '86, has recently been in Boston.

Muhlenberg, '91, has been elected a TECH Director.

The *Quarterly* editors have recently been photographed.

J. H. Towne has been elected a TECH Director for the Class of '90.

Albert Sauveur, '89, has been elected President of the 2 G Society.

'88 was photographed by Holland and Roberts on the afternoon of the 8th.

E. D. Brown has recently been elected a Co-Op. director from the Class of '90.

The annual dinner of the Architectural Society will occur Thursday, May 24th.

Professor Lanza gave a lecture Wednesday to the '88 Mechanicals on Car-Heating.

Several courses have recently been photographed by some of their members.

One more landmark gone. The windows over the office door are mended at last.

An interesting article entitled "Our Tech. Boys," appeared in the *Record* recently.

A large number of the '88 Chemists will be back at the Institute next year as assistants.

F. L. V. Hoppin, formerly of '88, was in town recently, just back from a sketching trip abroad.

Mr. C. J. H. Woodbury recently lectured to the Electricals on the fire risks of electric lighting.

The Class Dinner of '91 will be held on the evening of the last examinations, at the Thorndike.

The Annual Alumni Dinner and Reception will be given at Young's Hotel, Friday, May 25th.

Henry J. Conant, '87, has just arrived in San Francisco, after a long voyage around Cape Horn.

The K 2 S. Society will entertain the professors of Course V. at their annual dinner after the exams.

The last H. and T. dinner will take place on the last Saturday night of the exams., at the Thorndike.

All men who have not paid their TECH subscriptions will please do so at their earliest possible convenience.

The members of Co. B, the prize company, were recently given a dinner at the Thorndike by Captain Damon.

Captain Duane intends taking candidates for next fall's eleven to Exeter for two weeks before the Institute opens.

"High tide on the Rocks," remarked Jags, '89, as he turned up his \$3 dollar pants, to keep them out of the wet.

Our star is in the ascendant, as usual. The bill giving an additional \$100,000 to the Institute has passed the House.

Mr. Edmund P. Marsh, '89, has left the Institute to accept a position with the Whittier Machine Company at South Boston.

Would that the vocabulary of the Faculty were as limited as "the bright lexicon of youth," which contains no such word as "Fail."

The Class of '89 has re-elected Messrs. Hobbs and French to the directorial board of THE TECH, and has elected W. B. Thurber, Co-op. director.

An Alumni Association of the Institute will soon be formed in New York. The preliminary meeting for organization will be held in a few days.

The Senior Electricals have been invited to attend a series of experiments, to be made at the Torpedo Station at Newport, during the coming summer.

The *Quarterly* Board, under the able management of Wm. E. Mott, '88, Editor-in-Chief, deserve much praise for their untiring perseverance in overcoming their many difficulties.

About sixteen men intend joining the Summer Mining School. The School will be located in Capelton, Canada, and the men will camp out for the six weeks they intend spending there.

Grind, '89, is about right when he remarks that "if there is anything worse than a crowd of Freshmen in the corridors, it is a crowd of Sophomores." Look out for this next year, '91.

We are unable to announce in this number the election of the officers of THE TECH, for next year, as at the time of our going to press the Directors have not held a meeting for this purpose.

Entrance examinations will be held at New York, Philadelphia, Montreal, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Nashville, St. Paul, Pittsburgh, Santa Fé, as well as those held in this city, May 31st and June 1st.

The spectators at the prize drill are deeply indebted to '90's forethought in labeling the monkey, as without that precaution mistaken identity would probably have resulted. The monkey showed discernment and good sense when he said he didn't want to walk across the floor, and '90 would have done well had they been guided by his wishes.

Charles G. Merrell, '88, met with a dangerous and painful accident in the Laboratory, recently.

An explosion of chlorine gas caused a piece of glass to enter the eye, narrowly missing the pupil. It is understood that the Faculty have made an exception in his case, and will give him his degree without examinations, as he is incapable of taking them.

Mentions in the Second Year Architectural Department were awarded as follows:—

Park Entrance: *First*.—1st, Spencer; 2d, Newhall; *Second*.—1st, Miss Hayden; 2d, Machado; *Third*.—1st, Yardley; 2d, Millard; *Fourth*.—1st, Pennell; 2d, Ripley; 3d, Rice.

Fountain: *First*.—1st, Walker; 2d, Ford; *Second*.—1st, Pennell; *Third*.—1st, Yardley; 2d, Emery.

Number four of the *Quarterly* has made its appearance. It contains interesting articles by Professor Lanza, Mr. Eliot Holbrook, '74, Professor Drown, Professor Woodbridge, Professor Swain, Professor Crosby, Professor Holman, Professor Clark, Doctor Gardiner, Professor Peabody, and Messrs. Webber and Kendall. "The Beginnings of the Institute," by Mr. James P. Munroe, cannot fail to interest every Tech. man.

TWO'S COMPANY.

As they stroll up the hill
Where the path winds at will,
With the boughs of the trees dipping low,
She looking away,
With not much to say,
But posed,—as girls only know how,—
Who pray would object
To its being correct
To stroll up a hill just so?

Mentions in the Third Year Architectural Designs were as follows:—

A Railroad Station: *First*.—1st, E. A. Crane; 2d, G. W. Stone; *Second*.—A. V. Edwards; *Third*.—1st, Theo. W. Pietsch; 2d, W. H. Kilham.

Memorial Fountain: *First*.—Y. W. Case; *Second*.—T. W. Pietsch; *Third*.—1st, G. W. Stone; 2d, E. A. Crane.

A Gardener's Cottage: *First*.—1st, Goodwillie; *Second*.—Kilham; *Third*.—1st, Hooker; 2d, Case; 3d, Dittrich.

The usual number of Boston's prettiest girls assembled at the Mechanic Building on Saturday, the 12th, to see the annual prize drill of the M. I. T. Corps of Cadets. Both the drill and the dance were very well managed, and the whole affair was a success. Company B, Captain Damon, won the first Company prize, and Company C, Captain Douglass, the second. A special prize sword was also awarded to Company A, Captain Conant, for the best "set up" Company. The individual prizes were won by Private Moore, Company B, first, Sergeant Swan, Company B, second, and Private Leeming, Company A, novice.

The dress parade, under Major Blanchard, was well done, the work of the drum corps being especially noticeable. '90 voluntarily contributed a miniature cadet and some other monkey business, besides some handsome prize flags.

The third-year class in Industrial Chemistry have made numerous excursions during the term. They have visited the acid chambers and chemical works of the Merrimack Chemical Co. at South Wilmington; the soap works of Curtis, Davis & Co. at Cambridgeport; the rubber works of the Boston Rubber Shoe Co. at Middlesex Fells; the tannery of John Cummings & Co. at Woburn; the Boston Sugar Refinery at East Boston; and the Waltham Bleachery and Dye Works at Waltham.

They have also visited the coal and water-gas plant of the Charlestown Gas Light Co., and the Causeway Street works of the Boston Gas Light Co.

The following clipping from the *New York Sun*, sent us by an Ex-Tech. man, may be of interest. Query: Who is the man?

"The Queer Savings Bank of a Young Student with a Propensity for Spending.—There is a certain young student at the Boston School of Technology whose method of regulating his personal expenditures is so strikingly original as to be worthy of description, says the *Chicago Tribune*. Like many another youth of salad age, he finds it impossible to refrain from squandering his money. It simply burns a hole in his pocket. No matter how much he is supplied with it is all expended in frivolousness as

soon as he gets it. This weakness of his has given much pain to the young gentleman's relatives, and to himself has been a source of no little embarrassment. So, to get over the difficulty, he has hit upon the following plan:—

"Upon receiving the check for a fortnight's allowance, intended to cover his living expenses, he first liquidates any indebtedness that may be outstanding to his lodging-house keeper and washerwoman, and converts the whole of the balance into fifty-cent silver pieces. Then, going to his room and closing the door, he takes the coins by handfuls and scatters them broadcast about the floor. A few of those which remain in plain sight he puts into his pockets. When they are spent he picks up a few more, and so on, as necessity requires. After a week or so has passed he is compelled to hunt about pretty sharply for the cash, and the last days of the fortnight find him grubbing under the washstand and the bureau, poking beneath the bed, and squinting down the register in the hope of discovering a stray half-dollar that has eluded previous search. But, though occasionally impoverished, he is seldom reduced to absolute pennilessness. The landlady looks out for his money, lest a dishonest chambermaid absorb the current two weeks' allowance, and thus his pecuniary affairs administer themselves on a thoroughly systematic basis."

The candidates for a degree and titles of their Theses are as follows:—

- HENRY DODGE BATES: Design for a Reformatory Prison.
 HENRY FORBES BIGELOW: Design for an Episcopal Church with Parish House and Rectory attached.
 HERBERT STETSON BIRD: Action of Di-halogen Compounds upon Sodium-acet-anilide.
 WINSLOW BLANCHARD (with A. T. Bradlee): An Experimental Study of a Steam Injector.
 ARTHUR TISDALE BRADLEE (with W. Blanchard): An Experimental Study of a Steam Injector.
 BENJAMIN GILBERT BUTTOLPH: Experiments upon the Flow of Steam through a Tube.
 ELBRIDGE STOYLE CARLETON: Design for a Music Hall.
 DAVID ALLEN CENTER (with L. A. Ferguson): The Relation of Increase of Illuminating Power with Increase of Current and Energy Consumed in Incandescent Lights.
 STEPHEN CHILD (with H. F. Pierce): Design for a System of Sewerage for the City of Newton, Mass.
 GEORGE EDWIN CLAFLIN (with E. F. Dutton): A Study of Commercial Storage Batteries.
 SYLVANUS HALE COBB (with G. B. Pool): The Efficiency of various Incandescent Lamps.
 RUSSELL HAWES COLBY: The Preparation of the Aromatic Ethers, and the Action of Nitric Acid upon them.
 FRED BAKER COLE (with H. C. Moore): Experiments on the Relative Temperatures of the Different Tubes of a Horizontal Multitubular Boiler.

- BERTRAND ROBSON TORSEY COLLINS: A Design for a Rotary Steam Press with Automatic Pressure Equalizing Mechanism.
- EDWARD COLLINS, JR.: The Influence of Metals on Electro-magnetic Induction.
- ARTHUR JEWETT CONNER: The Chemistry of the Drying Oils.
- RICHARD DEVENS: Experiments on Single Roller Carding for Course Numbers.
- EDGAR FULTON DUTTON (with G. E. Claflin): A Study of Commercial Storage Batteries.
- HENRY FRENCH EASTMAN (with W. H. Gerrish): Experiments upon the Strength of Pulleys, Keys, and Set Screws.
- ALFRED BURNHAM ELLSWORTH: Design for a Double Track Railroad Truss Bridge of 132 Feet Span.
- RICHARD EPPES, JR.: The Strength and other Properties of a Mild Steel at varying Temperatures.
- LOUIS ALOYSIUS FERGUSON (with D. A. Center): The Relation of Increase of Illuminating Power with Increase of Current and Energy Consumed in Incandescent Lights.
- BERTRAM PIERREPONT FLINT: Tests on the Strength and other Properties of Rope.
- THEODORE ALBERT FOQUE: An Experimental Determination of the Proper Angles for Cutting Tools.
- STEJIRO FUKUZAWA: The Narrow Gauge *vs.* the Standard Gauge.
- JAMES EDWARD FULLER, JR.: Design for a County Court House with Jail and House of Correction.
- WILLIAM HENRY GERRISH (with H. F. Eastman): Experiments upon the Strength of Pulleys, Keys, and Set Screws.
- IRVING GALEN GREEN: A Design and Estimate for a Stone Arch of 90 Feet Span.
- HAROLD GORDON GROSS: A Biological Study of the Charles River at Charles River Village and Newton Upper Falls, and of the Water Supply of Newton, Mass.
- GEORGE WARREN HAMBLET (with F. M. James): Transmission of Power by Ropes.
- WILLIAM LINCOLN HARRIS: A Biological Study of the Water Supply of Waltham, Mass., and of the Charles River at Waltham and Watertown.
- GEORGE LYON HARVEY: A Design for a Petroleum Engine.
- CHARLES FREDERICK HASTINGS: The Amalgamation and Chlorination of Low Grade Gold Ores.
- SAVORY CLIFTON HATHAWAY, JR. (with E. R. Pearson): An Experimental Study of Harcourt's Pentane Lamp and some other Standards of Light.
- GEORGE LINCOLN HEATH: Experiments on Electrolytic Bleaching.
- EDWARD WEBSTER HERRICK (with J. Ray): Experiments and Tests on the Standard Oil Engine.
- GEORGE ULYSSES GRANT HOLMAN (with F. H. Safford): A Study of Specific Inductive Capacity with Different Rates of Charge.
- EDWARD CLAPP HOLTON: The Products of the Distillation of Rosin with Lime.
- HENRY JOHN HORN, JR.: The Comparative Cost of Earthwork and Timber Trestling at Various Heights.
- FRANK MORRIS JAMES (with G. W. Hamblet): Transmission of Power by Ropes.
- ARTHUR WINSLOW JONES: A Study of the Motions of the Electrodes of a Microphone Transmitter.
- EDWIN OAKES JORDAN: Thermal Stimuli as a Source of Reflex Action.
- WILLIAM THOMAS KEOUGH: A Design for some Maine Crank, Tunnel, and Propeller Shafting.
- GEORGE STRICKLAND LEE: Tables of Standard Sizes of Wooden Stringers, **I** Beams and Built Girders for Plate Girder Bridges.
- JAMES WALLACE LOVELAND: The Determination of Slag in Iron and Steel.
- ARTHUR SIMONDS MANN: The Indicator; an Experimental Investigation of some of its Errors.
- GEORGE VINCENT MCLAUTHLIN: The Action of Chromine Compounds in Mordanting Wool.
- CHARLES GEORGE MERRELL: A Study on the Iodophenols.
- FRANK ASHBURTON MOORE: A Design for a Public Library.
- HARRY CHURCHILL MOORE (with F. B. Cole): Experiments on the Relative Temperature of the Different Tubes of a Horizontal, Multitubular Boiler.
- ADDISON DOANE NICKERSON (with J. E. Young): A Study of the Question of a Tunnel to East Boston.
- EDWIN RICHTER PEARSON (with S. C. Hathaway, Jr.): An Experimental Study of Harcourt's Pentane Lamp and some other Standards of Light.
- CHARLES ALBERT PETERSON (with W. I. Towne): The Distribution of Potential around the Collectors of Dynamo Machines.
- HERBERT FRANK PIERCE (with S. Child): Design for a System of Sewerage for the City of Newton, Mass.
- GEORGE BALDWIN POOL (with S. H. Cobb): The Efficiency of Various Incandescent Lamps.
- JOHN RAY (with E. W. Herrick): Experiments and Tests on the Standard Oil Engine.
- RUSSELL ROBB: The Inverse Electro-Motive Force of the Voltaic Arc.
- ODIN BARNES ROBERTS (with F. L. Sayer): A Report of Tests made on the Hull, Engine, and Boiler of the Steam Yacht "Gleam."
- ANNIE WARE SABINE: The Strength of Currents produced by the Microphone, as Determined by Pressure and Material of Electrodes.
- FREDERICK HOLLISTER SAFFORD (with G. U. G. Holman): A Study of Specific Inductive Capacity, with Different Rates of Charge.
- ALFRED HENRY SAWYER (with W. K. Shaw): Experiments on the Performance of a Windmill.
- FREDERICK LINCOLN SAYER (with O. B. Roberts): A Report of Tests made on the Hull, Engine, and Boiler of Steam Yacht "Gleam."
- WALTER KEITH SHAW (with A. H. Sawyer): Experiment on the Performance of a Windmill.

- IVAR LUDWIG SJÖSTRÖM: Railway Accidents.
- CLARENCE WRIGHT SMITH: The Action of Dilute Nitric Acid on Certain Substituted Aromatic Ortho Amide Compounds.
- EDWARD MORRIS SMITH: An Investigation of the Vertical Throw in Locomotive Drivers.
- FRANK OWEN STETSON: The Direct Determination of Alumina in the Presence of Iron.
- CHARLES AUGUSTUS STONE (with E. S. Webster): Efficiency of Alternating Current Transformers.
- JOHN MURCHISON SULLY: The Smelting of an Argentiferous Lead Ore by the Precipitation Process.
- MARION TALBOT: The Determination of Organic Matter in Air.
- WALTER IRVING TOWNE (with C. A. Peterson): The Distribution of Potential around the Collectors of Dynamo Machines.
- CLARENCE BROWNING VORCE: A Theoretical and Practical Discussion of the Subject of Rail-joints.
- ALGERNON SYDNEY WARREN: Report of Tests on Gold Ore from the Ruby Basin, Black Hills.
- EDWIN SIBLEY WEBSTER (with C. A. Stone): Efficiency of Alternating Current Transformers.
- CHARLES LEWIS WEIL: A Design for Certain Parts of a Machine arranged especially for Planing Locomotive Frames.
- ARTHUR SHEPARD WILLIAMS: The Strength of the Induced Current in a Magneto-Telephone as Affected by the Strength of the Magnet.
- AMOS ERASTUS WOODWARD: The Concentration, Roasting, and Matting of Fine Copper Ore from Capelton, P. Q.
- JOHN EBEN YOUNG (with A. D. Nickerson): A Study of the Question of a Tunnel to East Boston.

Collège Notes.

Foot-ball is for the first time being introduced in German universities.

The students of Dickinson College have been warned not to give their class yell on the streets, as each offender will be fined \$10.

In the United States one man in every two hundred takes a college course; in England, one in every five hundred; in Scotland, one in every six hundred; in Germany, one in every two hundred and thirteen.—*Ex.*

The undergraduates of Princeton have undertaken the expense of sending one of their number as a missionary to India. The fund subscribed reaches \$1,600.

Dartmouth has raised \$1,700 by subscription for base-ball.

The Faculty of Cornell have just passed the rule that if a student is found guilty of intoxication, gambling, or other gross immorality, or of interference with the personal liberty of any student, he will be expelled from the University. It is understood that the rule will be rigidly enforced.—*Ex.*

The following are some of the statistics of the Senior class at the Sheffield Scientific School. The class now numbers seventy-four men, ninety-three entering; the average age is twenty-one years, three months, and eleven days; average height, five feet nine and one-seventh inches; average weight, one hundred fifty and a half pounds; the average yearly expense, \$970; twenty men have never had conditions; there are forty-two church members; thirty-eight men smoke, thirty-four drink, and all but one play cards.

A petition for a system of cuts is being gotten up by the students of the University of Pennsylvania, which will be handed in to the Faculty.

Of the forty-nine members of the Dartmouth Senior class, nine have a stand of 86 per cent, which entitles them to take part in commencement exercises.—*Ex.*

Hon. John H. Peck has been elected President of the Van Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

The School of Mines building at Columbia will be extended this summer.

The Freshman class at Cambridge, England, numbers 857.

Of the ninety-two graduates of Amherst this year, twenty-three are to go into the ministry.

Smith College has received a bequest of \$150,000 from the will of G. W. Hubbard, of Hatfield, Mass.

President Barnard, of Columbia, has resigned, on account of advanced age attended by ill health.



DRIFTING.

Lazily, slowly drifting
Down with the quiet stream,
It seemed to me in my gladness
That it all must be a dream.

For Mabel — my darling Mabel,
Was trying to steer the canoe,
And as I lay there watching,
I fell in love with the crew.

I thought how pleasant it would be
To — Thunder! Where are we now?
The canoe had gone down to the bottom,
With a hole a foot long in the bow.

— *Yale Record.*

THE PRIMAL PAIR.

When Adam from his sleep awoke,
A radiant creature met his eyes,
Whose beauty on his vision broke
As breaks the morn 'neath tropic skies.
With wonder Adam stood transfixed;
Another day had just begun;
She crossed his vision just betwixt
The dawn and rising of the sun.
"Tis Morn," he said, "in human guise;
Fair Morn, my homage pray receive."
The vision blushed, cast down her eyes,
And said, "I am not Morn, but Eve."

— *Exchange.*

THE RISING SUN.— *Old Whimble* (solemnly):
"Young man, to attain success in this world we
must be up and doing. Do you ever see the
sun rise?"

Young man: "Yes, sir, occasionally."

"When?"

"On my way home."— *Ex.*

The wonderful story of Arion riding on the
dolphin's back must now take a back seat, for
we have it on very good authority that when
the nine was in Williamstown last Saturday, one
of our men "came home on a fly."— *Yale Cour-
ant.*

HE WAS NO FOOL.

Jepson: "I notice that you always speak
well of me to my face, Jobson, and while I have
no reason to believe that you do otherwise be-
hind my back, I think it does not harm a man to
be criticised by his friends, to be told his little
faults. I know I'm not perfect, and I would be
glad to have you remind me of the fact some-
times."

Jobson: "Tell you of your faults?"

Jepson: "Yes, criticise me; tell me what
your honest private opinion of me is. That's
what I want."

Jobson: "Jepson, you are 6 feet 2 and I am
5 feet 4, and you want me to give you my hon-
est private opinion of you? No siree. Jepson,
my boy, I'm no fool."— *Courier.*

LEAP YEAR.

Young Dick to-night is feeling gay,—
Just watch the fellow smile;
One week ago this very day
He looked so blue when at the play,
What can have chanced meanwhile?

At last I see the whole affair,—
His best young girl said "Yes."
"Oh bosh!" you say, "he wouldn't dare
To pop the question to the fair;
You're wrong. Now come, confess."

'Tis true he's no courageous knight,
But leap year now holds sway;
So what he dared not ask through fright,
She's asked, for now she has the right,
And so they've named the day.

— *Yale Record.*

"Miss Laura," said the young man smilingly,
"may I ask you why you have that string tied
around your finger?"

"That string?" said the lovely girl, rousing
herself and removing it; "why, I put it on my
finger to remind me that you were coming this
evening. I have shockingly poor memory, Mr.
Van Perkins—What! are you going already?
I am so sorry."— *Tuftsian.*

Why do the ladies all admire,
Much more than's to your liking,
The man who comes up to the bat?
Is it because he's *striking*?

— *Ex.*